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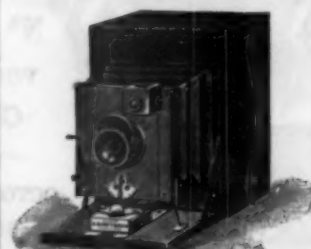
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THE WHEELING PASSION.

Mr. Wheeler. "I DON'T SEE WHAT THEY WANT TO BUILD A GREAT WHEEL LIKE THAT FOR!"

Mrs. Wheeler. "NO. WHY COULDN'T THEY HAVE HAD A SAFETY, AND GEARED IT UP TO ANY HEIGHT THEY LIKED!"

CRYSTALISED PALACE'D FRUITS.

MR. PUNCH heartily congratulates the Royal Horticultural Society in their grand show of British-grown fruit (none "made in Germany"), and the Crystal Palace Company on the excellent arrangements made for the most advantageous display of these magnificent fruits *defendus*,—for "forbidden fruit" they certainly were, as, much to the disgust, probably, of the apothecaries and family doctors, the visitor could not taste any of the luscious specimens attractively set before him. They were all "*les pommes du voisin*," but though "forbidden" their appearance was anything but "forbidding." It came to

an end last Saturday, when it is reported that all the fruits were safely got out of the building except one sleepy pear, whom nothing could arouse.

THE INGOT AND OUTGOT SILVER CASE.—So far the police are to be congratulated. The detectives have acted with all the readiness and decision of a SHERLOCK HOLMES. Result so far is, that one HENRY BAILEY—name of not particularly happy omen in connection with a certain Old Bailey—is in custody, as also are four bars of silver. BAILEY was taking four bars rest when arrested and removed.

THE RETREAT OF THE FIFTEEN THOUSAND.

(A British Soldier's View of It.)

"The successful withdrawal, without a shot being fired, of the fifteen thousand men who held the long line from Peshawur to Chitral is a feat not less remarkable in its own way than their victorious advance."—*The Times*.]

AIR—"The Burial of Sir John Moore."

Nor a shot was heard, not a stroke we smote,
As we trod our home-journey unhurried.
The papers about us wrote thundering rot,
But Sir ROBERT kept cool and unflurried.

We'd had heat to encounter, and frost to fight,
Alternately freezing and burning;

And now UMRA KHAN and his hordes put to flight;
We were quietly homeward returning.

Through the Malakand Pass we as conquerors pressed,
And had vanquished the foe where we

Now, the garrison rescued, the wrong redressed,
Low retired, with his thousands around

Few and short are the words he has said,
From palaver no aid did he borrow;
But many a face at their hearing flushed red,
As will millions of others to-morrow.

Six months of hard struggle for heart, hand, and head,
Rough bedding, and comfortless pillow.

Now the foe and the native would stay our home-tread;
There's news to despatch o'er the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the deeds we have done,
And, some of them, coldly upbraid us.

But little we'll reck if JOHN BULL will read
The tribute Sir ROBERT has paid us. [on

But half of our heavy task was through

When Low passed the word for retiring;
But the Fifteen Thousand in form withdrew
Though without any fighting or firing.

We do not much care if we don't win renown,
Nor shine over brightly in story;

We ask not a line—we crave not a stone,
But we leave dear Old England the glory.

THE RECENT ANYTHING-BUT—"DEAD-HEAT."

First Sportsman. Awfully hot at New-market last week!

Second S. Thought it would be. Had "nothing on," so stayed at home, blinds down, windows open.

"SCRAPS FROM CHAPS."—"CORKED"

STOUT.—The Mitchelstown Guardians were debating on the stout supplied to pauper patients. A Mr. DINKEEN proposed, "That in future the Treble X stout manufactured by Messrs. MURPHY, Cork, be used in the workhouse instead of GUINNESS's." His argument was that "it would help a local manufacture," and that "the doctors all approved of MURPHY's." The chairman suggested that they might "be doing an injustice to the patients by taking in MURPHY's stout." Why not put the question to the patients? It is *they* who will have to "take in MURPHY's stout," not the guardians, and they are not likely to "do themselves the injustice" of refusing it if drinkable. MURPHY's stout is evidently a light brew, as it was "carried by one." Another guardian described the resolution as a "blow which GUINNESS didn't deserve"; but GUINNESS survived the blow, and went up ten points on the Stock Exchange next day.



EUPHEMISM.

Man in Boat. "COME ALONG, OLD CHAP, AND LET'S PULL UP TO MARLOW."

Man on Shore. "I THINK I'LL GET YOU TO KNOCK ME OLD MAN. I DON'T LIKE SCULLING—IT—ER—HURTS THE BACK OF MY HEAD SO!"

PLAYING AT WORK.

A NEW MORALITY.

"The working woman of to-day, be she journalist, teacher, or what not, is suffering terribly from fierce competition, and this is largely due to the fact that women who are merely working for pleasure enter the labour market."—*An Old-Fashioned Woman* in the "Daily Chronicle."

WHEN the Curse of Labour was laid on Man,
Toil's visage glowered grimly,
Alleviations of Fate's stern plan,
The softening spirits in rear and van
Of Labour's march through our Life's brief span,

If seen, were glimpsed but dimly.
Weariness followed, and dulness gloomed,
On the path of mortals to hunger doomed,
And poverty the spirit entombed.
As in all too premature charnel;
The ache of limb and the fret of brain,
The slow weak pulse, and the long dull pain,

Grew all familiar; the spirit-strain,
And the sullen revolt again and again,
Of the spiritual and carnal.
But though men knew that work and woe
Were all too closely neighbour;
One curse of Labour they did not know;
The black blight coming late and slow,
Of the fools who play at Labour!

Labour! Faith, 'tis no passing play
But the pack-horse burden day after day
To be grimly gravely lifted.
A leaden weight, and a mill-wheel round,
By the player at labour but seldom found,
Or the amateur—though gifted.
Who has not seen a street-child run
To turn an organ-handle—for fun—
With gay, erratic vigour?
But the errand who turns at it day by day
Finds *À la che la morte* no pleasant play,—
He works at it—"like a nigger."
So "well-to-do women who crowd the ranks"
Of Labour are playing but childish pranks:
They are butterfly despoilers

Of the honeyed hives of the working bees;
They lower the wage and lessen the ease
Of the true fate-destined toilers."

"Work for mere love!" So the butterfly says,
(Though they commonly stoop to the casual pay).

Well, love is blind—this sort of it,
To teach for pin-money possibly's fun
To those who're but dabblers when all is done,

But the workers, when wages go down with a run,
Can hardly see the sport of it.

To play at philanthropy's mischievous, much,
For sciolists mar whatever they touch;

What if some Flower Girl Mission
Destroy a trade, which seeks other lands,
Or throw out of work some thousands of hands?

Philanthropy hath no vision
Save of its pretty and picturesque fad;
And the destitute drudges, angry and sad,
Whom deft flower-mounting once fed and o'ad
Shall find redress a rarity.

Don't play at Reform, if you love your neighbour!

But well-to-do women, your "playing at Labour"

Works worse than playing at Charity!
Work? Well doubtless 'tis pleasant and "funny"

For well,—"just a little pocket-money,"
To ape the bees who must make the honey

Day in, day out, for a living.
But workers who labour for "bread and cheese,"

And not as a change from mere lady-like ease,
Regard all such amateur, sham, busy-bees
As needing, not praise, but forgiving.

What if your work-dabbling, now quite the rage,
Cut down the genuine workwoman's wage,

Or pinch the poor ill-paid school teacher?
"Every woman should work all she's able?"

Maybe you need a new species of fable,
A sager than copy-book preacher.

"The Ant and the Grasshopper"? There lurketh Cant!
If Grasshopper labour-spirits starve the poor Ant.

If well-to-do woman work helps to spread want,
This new-born blind zeal sense should

bridle.
There's fit work for all, some with spade,

some with tabor;
But Madam, if feminine "playing at Labour,"

Whilst needless to you, wrecks one workwoman neighbour,
By Jove, you had better be idle!

* "In every branch of work we see well-to-do women crowding into the ranks of competition, in consequence of which wages are lowered, and women who really want work are left to starve."

Same Letter.

"ALAS, POOR YORICK!"—HARRY PAYNE, the last of the good old JONY-GRIMALDI school of Pantomime Clowns, "joined the majority," Friday, Sept. 27. For many years past the Clown's Christmas welcome, "Here we are again!" has been omitted, and, in the future, we are not likely to hear the exclamation revived. Farewell, HARRY PAYNE, "a fellow of infinite jest, and of excellent fancy!"

ENGLAND AND AMERICA. — Successful MARLBOROUGH Match, following upon unsatisfactory DUNRAVEN race. Miss VANDERBILT decidedly winning. *Entente cordiale* restored.



A MOOT POINT.

Mrs. Brown (on her honeymoon). "OH, AREN'T YOU GLAD, DARLING, WE HAVE COME THIS DELIGHTFUL TOUR, INSTEAD OF GOING TO ONE OF THOSE STUPID FOREIGN PLACES!"

[Darling is not quite sure about it, as the hills are of terrible frequency, and, naturally, he toss his bride up every one.

LETTERS FROM A FIANCÉE.

DEAR MAJORIE.—Thanks for your kind letter. I was hoping you would be pleased about my engagement.

It is most curious you should have guessed, without my telling you, and without even seeing his photograph, that his name is ARTHUR. I must tell you more about him. He is tall and handsome, also, not at all commonplace. He looks a little like the old prints one sees in seaside lodging-houses, called "*With the Stream*," or "*Against the Stream*," or "*Good-bye*," or "*The Return of the Black Brunswick*." He looks, in fact, far more romantic than the young men one generally sees; and the key-note (if you will forgive the expression) of his character is his great dislike to modern ideas, especially to anything he calls "cynical." I met him first at Lady LYON TAYMER'S, but he has often explained to me that that was entirely accidental; he was "taken" there; he dislikes her set, and has an especial aversion to the clever young men of the day. He has an excessive—and I must say I think unnecessary—terror of being mistaken for one; and says that if he had not heard it was the very latest thing he would never read anything but SCOTT. To the bicycle and cigarette, for women, he has an equally strong objection, and I think he often pretends not to see a joke because he has a nervous suspicion of its being what he would call the New Humour. In the evening, on the balcony, he quotes BYRON, and in the morning, in the garden, he reads WILKIE COLLINS or Mrs. HENRY WOOD. He says he hopes I shall spend a great deal of time in the still-room, to which I heartily assent, though neither of us know exactly what a still-room is, but it sounds quiet. Women, ARTHUR thinks, should preserve fruits, and a lady-like demeanour, and do plain needle-work, or perhaps "tattooing." Art embroidery he looks on with doubt, and I believe he considers it fast. When I told him he seemed anxious I should not *reap* without having learnt to sew, he seemed hurt and we hastily changed the sub-

ject. I was playing croquet with him—(croquet he approves)—when he was lecturing on fruit-preserving. "Shall you really expect me to make jam?" I said. "Would you be cross if I did?" he asked, tenderly. "Cross! yes! and BLACKWELL, too, if you like," I answered in my (occasionally) flippant way, which I always regret instantly after. ARTHUR threw down his mallet. "This—GLADYS—this is the sort of thing which—which—" &c. We had a short quarrel, and a long reconciliation. ARTHUR is a great dear, you must understand, and I am very happy. He does not show me the book of dried flowers nearly so often now, and has written some verses about me, he is going to show them to me to-night.

ARTHUR is very interesting when he talks of me; it is when he discusses abstract subjects—such as chemistry, or big sleeves—that he is not quite so amusing. He is dreadfully prejudiced about sleeves. Do you think he will gradually get accustomed to them? I think he will by the time they have quite gone out!

I am sure you will like dear ARTHUR. Of course one has to understand him. When he came down to stay with us, I said, "You must be very tired after your short journey," and I was surprised how much it annoyed him! Don't say anything of that sort to him—at first. He is apt to take things—just a little—seriously. It is rather a charming quality in a man to whom one is engaged—don't you think so? Such a love as ours cannot fail to have an ennobling effect; as ARTHUR says, it seems to lift us above all thoughts of this world. Write soon. I am longing to hear about the new skirts, and to show you my sapphire ring.

Your affectionate friend, GLADYS.

FROM OUR OWN SCHOOLBOY, A STUDENT OF LEMPHIRE.—SIR,—I have heard Mr. ARTHUR BALFOUR spoken of as "the Leda of the House of Commons." Who is its Jupiter?

AT CROMER.

WHAT middle-aged frequenter of the Old Ship, Brighton, does not recall the bland personality of ARTHUR BACON, part proprietor and principal representative of the landlordism of the excellent ancient hostelry:—

O don't you remember A. BACON BEN BOLT?
So smiling, so shiny, and brown?
How he chortled with glee when he saw us BEN BOLT,
And charged us an extra half-crown.

The gammon of BACON was admirable; and his strict attention to the duties of servants towards visitors to the hotel was "a side of Bacon" not to be forgotten. A. B. was an ideal landlord, ever ready at his door to welcome the coming and speed the parting guest.



"The Grand" at Cromer is not an enormous hotel: it is a Semi-Grand. The example of Bacon aforesaid could be therefore easily imitated. Warned of our arrival by letter, rooms secured, train punctual (from St. Paneras to Cromer) to within ten minutes, we drove up to the door of the Semi-Grand in our one-horse fly. Not a soul about. Surely the hotel is open? Yes, the driver knew that much, "because he had taken some people away from there in the morning."

These might have been the last roses of summer, the last visitors at the hotel for the season! We waited; no signs of life. "Should he (the driver) ring?" Certainly: a most happy thought. He descended; he ringeth. We wait. Then the sound as of somebody coming. "A Boots in sight appears. We hail him with three cheers,"—at least, we ask "if our rooms are ready," and the Boots is of opinion that they are; whereupon another Boots appears, and the pair of Boots lug our luggage into the hall, where we find an amiable lady with keys in her hand who invites us to inspect certain apartments. Our answer is an adaptation of *Hamlet's* command to the Ghost, "Lead on, we follow."

We see: we refuse. These are not the rooms we had ordered. "No, they are not." So much is admitted. Then, perhaps, we had better depart and seek hospitality elsewhere. Our bookener would rather not put us to such inconvenience, and soon discovers what will suit us exactly. So we take them then and there. They do suit us exactly: not down to the ground, as they are first floor. A room with balcony, in the shade all day, facing north, commanding a lovely sea view. What more could mortal require?

The air of Cromer, where there is "nothing between you and the North Pole"—so any malicious reports to the contrary may be safely disregarded—is most exhilarating. But the dust O! The dust! On with the water-carts, and down with sandy dust! It is all sand—everywhere. As to situation the Semi-Grand has a decided, and sea-sided, advantage over the other hotels.

Delightful view from front windows of the Semi-Grand. Of course the back rooms are rather behind in this respect. Which is but natural.

Civility, and a desire to please, are the characteristics of the working staff at the Semi-Grand, directly you know them individually and collectively. But, as the song says, "You've got to know 'em first."

With the arrangements of the *salle à manger* as worked at the Semi-Grand under the superintendence of a distinguished and invaluable foreigner *garçon en chef*, very little fault can be found. The experiments of the youthful and less-experienced subordinates who are probably there to learn English, are interesting from a certain point of view, which is attained when, under the guardianship of their chief, or one of his trusty lieutenants, you have had everything you require. Then you can sit and watch the recruits at their *garçonnie* exercises.

I wonder if the *Generalissimo* has them out for drill every morning before visitors are up? Are there any colleges, or barracks, for waiters, where, as undergraduates, or recruits, they can learn their business? From what I have seen I should say most probably not. But there ought to be schools and colleges for waiters, with degrees conferred and diplomas given. Switzerland would be the place where-in to start this idea.

Were it not for the refreshing breezes, which rival and excel those of Margate, the Cromerites would be burnt to cinders. As it is, they are generally a delicate improvement on the colour of their

own lobsters when boiled. "To this complexion must you come at last"—if you stay long enough at Cromer.

A Curiosity at Cromer.—Exactly in front of where I am now seated, enjoying the Cromeric morning breezes on the very edge of the cliff, and at a distance of about twenty-five yards from the Cromer Sands, there rises a remarkable wooden effigy, on the true import of which I positively refuse to be enlightened by any native offering me a mere matter-of-fact explanation.

The object, which I sketch on the spot, in order that an experienced hand shall give it artistic merit, appears to be the gigantic wooden case "made and provided" for equally gigantic cooked hat, originally worn by Titanic Admiral, long since laid up in sea-wood, with all the rest of his uniform, in the locker of Mr. Davy Jones, Neptune's wardrobe keeper. This huge object is stuck on a pole, either as marking the last resting-place, there or thereabouts, of colossal Admiral aforesaid, or it has been for ages left here as indicating the fate certain to await the ruthless and recklessly wrecked invader. It may mark the spot where quietly, one dark night, the Great NAPOLEON rehearsed, *all by himself*, the invasion of England; being only too glad to escape in the early dawn, leaving his cooked hat at Cromer, and lose his celebrated behind him, which, as a Napoleonic relic, was inclosed in a wooden case of three times its size, and here exposed, with the motto in best Cromeric French, addressed to NAPOLEON, should he ever have attempted 'so repeat his visit:—



Did Napoleon ever try to land at Cromer, and lose his celebrated cooked hat in the attempt?

"Voici votre chapeau à cornes! Venez le prendre!"

The inscription is, by flux of time and sea-water, almost, if not quite, illegible.

Or it may mark the spot, banned and anathematised, where was buried, according to the awfully solemn Masonic ritual, the mangled remains of *The Man who couldn't keep a secret!*

ANGLING EXTRAORDINARY.

FROM *The Scotsman*, Saturday, September 21, under the heading "Angling," appears this item of news from "Annan," placed between fishing notes from "Loch Earn" and "Dhu Loch":—

LOCH EARN.—Mr. WATSON, fishing on Lochearnhead Hotel water yesterday, killed thirty-two nice trout.

ANNAN.—There were large supplies of all classes of stock. Best beef made 7s. 6d. to 7s. 9d. per stone, and mutton 7d. to 7½d. per lb. There was a crowded attendance of buyers from England and the South of Scotland, and the demand was good all through. Store cattle had a slow trade, and were bad to sell. Quotations:—Fat bullocks up to £15 17s. 6d.; do. heifers up to £15 7s. 6d.; do. cows up to £13 17s. 6d.; calving heifers £12 12s. 6d. Lamb, 16s. to 20s. 3d.; odd sheep, 33s. to 49s.; rams, 43s. 6d.; half-bred hogs, 41s. 6d. to 44s.; cross do., 37s. to 41s. 9d.; Cheviots, 38s. 9d. to 41s. 9d.

DHU LOCH.—On September 18, Mr. KYMSTON had fourteen fish, 4½ lb., heaviest 4 lb.; and on 19th, nine, 4 lb., heaviest 1 lb.

"Fat bullocks up to £15 17s. 6d." would try the strongest tackle. Splendid specimen of "Net Profits."

THE PUTNEY SPOOK.—Within the last week, so reported one of the Day-by-Days in the *Daily Telegraph*, a ghost has been heard of at Putney. Hundreds of *Hamlets*, *Marcelluses*, and *Barnardos* (with *Ophelias*, and other ladies) have gone out of their way nightly to see the ghost. What should a riverside ghost be like? Obviously the "main-sheet" from a sailing-boat is ready to hand, and for its head, at any neighbouring boat-house, there is quite a choice of "sculls." If any hair, there are the "row-locks." The ghost must not, in our opinion, be expected anywhere with or against the stream, but in some "dead-water." "Will the ghost walk to-night?" is now the Shakspearian inquiry; to which the reply is, "Go to Putney!"

ANGELICAL!—HERT ANGELL, the Austrian portrait-painter, whose name, as a "noun of multitude," suggests "several ANGELLOS rolled into one," is now the QUEEN's painter *par excellence*. Consequently he should be known in England as "Her ANGELL." May all good ANGELL guard Her Gracious MAJESTY! Still, clever as Brother BRUSH may be, it will take a lot of "ANGELL" to equal one "ANGELLO," which his Christian name was "MICHAEL."

ROMEO ROBERTSON AND JULIET PAULA CAMPBELL.

Mrs. J. P. C. "O ROMEO, ROMEO! wherefore art thou ROMEO?"
Romeo Robertson. Because I have played it before: but "O JULIET, JULIET! wherefore art thou JULIET?"
 Mrs. J. P. C. Because you cast me for the part, and I wanted to play it.
Shakespeare adapted to the Lyceum.

JULIET is, according to her nurse, just fourteen years of age. The story is that of "*Villikins and his Dinah*":—



There was a rich noble in Verona did dwell,
 He had but one daughter an un-
 kimmun fine young gal,
 Her name it was Juliet, just four-
 teen years old,
 With a weery large fortune in
 silver and gold.
 Singing tooral li (*ad. lib.*).

The southern girl of four-
 teen equals the northerner of
 nineteen; and this must ever
 be the initial difficulty which
 few experienced actresses can
 surmount. Juliet is, in fact,
 a single girl and a married
 young woman rolled into one.
 "Single," "double," and
 "there's the rub!"

Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL's Juliet takes the poison, but not the cake. Her Juliet has over her the shadow of Paula Tanqueray. From the commencement, except in the Balcony scene, she is a Juliet "with a past." The balcony and the moonlight suit this Juliet. Good, too, is she when, abjectly miserable, she crumples herself up all in a heap, like the victim in a picture of Japanese torture, so that at any moment, without surprising the spectator, she might turn heels over head and straighten herself out at the feet of the irascible old Capulet. Once again let me adapt a verse of the ancient ditty:—

"Oh Papa, oh Papa, I've not made up my mind,
 And to marry just yet I do not feel inclined."
 (*Aside.*) To Laurence the Friar I'll tell all my grief,
 And the reverend gent may afford me relief
 By singing (*as a duet*) tooral li tooral, &c.

Judging from the Tanqueray model, Mrs. PAT CAMPBELL ought to have been at her best in the potion scene; but, she wasn't. As for the final stabbing, she might as well have tickled herself with a straw and died o' laughing.

Watching FORBES-ROBERTSON as Romeo, I could not help thinking what an excellent Hamlet he would make; perhaps when I see him in that character, I shall remember how good he was as Romeo:—

"Hamlet Romeo amem, venturous Romeo Hamlet."

But that's another story; so suffice it that temporarily FORBES-ROBERTSON is "Our Only Romeo."

The Rev. NUTCOMBE GOULD, as Friar Laurence, gives quite a new reading of the part. His Friar has ever a merry little twinkle in his eye, as if quietly enjoying some intensely humorous idea. From this point of view, Mr. NUTCOMBE GOULD's Friar, being a sort of Rev. THEODORE HOOK, ever ready with a practical joke and an impromptu, is admirable and—inimitable.

Mercutio's part is "full of plums"; but these, in Mr. COGH-
 LAN's mouth, seemed rather to mar the distinctness of his utterance, as plums in a mouth have a way of doing. The Apothecary, by Brother ROBERTSON, was not so poor as he looked: but in spite of tradition as to the wondrous excellence of this "bit of character," what is there to be done with it except in a three minutes' acting illustration of an artistic "make up"? Were I offered the part I should bargain (after settling of course to receive a thousand a week) for a scene so arranged as to show the exterior and the interior of the shop. I



Romeo Robertson ready for any undertaking. Vault opened, &c.

would be "on" from the first, visibly sleeping under the counter. The interior should be fitted up with shelves just as Romeo describes it. Then while Romeo is talking, my Apothecary would be examining his "till"; he would turn it upside down to show there was no cash; he would then in pantomime explain how famished he feels, and would search, even in an old mouse-trap, for a bit of cheese. At last, there being no dinner and no hope of food, he, after a



Mrs. Pat Juliet Campbell making herself into a Japanese Puzzle as she takes a Father's Curse.

pantomimic exhibition of frenzied despair, would be in the act of drinking from a large bottle, labelled "*Poison,—for external application only*," when he hears Romeo calling him. Then he starts: while there's life there is hope! He answers the summons! And so forth. Then imagine the Apothecary with the money after Romeo's departure!! As the scene is closing the Apothecary should be seen bucking himself up, and preparing to go out to make a night of it at the nearest restaurant. Should Mr. FORBES-ROBERTSON be making any alterations he is welcome to these suggestions.

"THE CRAWL TO THE SOUTH."

SIR,—In "the dead season" when despairing editors, or their representatives, pant for something especially attractive, the maxim acted upon by those whom Providence has afflicted with the "*cacoëthes scribendi*" appears to be, "*When in doubt, abuse the London, Chatham, and Dover*." As a much-travelled Ulysses, experienced in "lines cast in pleasant" and unpleasant "places," and as a sympathising fellow-traveller with "A Season Ticket Holder,"—(a descriptive signature rather suggestive of a "kettle-holder" that keeps your fingers from being burnt),—I, the Ulysses aforesaid, emphatically endorse all that "S. T. H." in the Times of last Thursday, has written. Having "crawled" North, South, East, and West, I can venture to affirm that the L. C. & D.'s "Granville Express" is, as far as my experience goes, which is co-extensive with the whole length of the line, up and down, about the most punctual of time-keeping trains with which this Ulysses happens to be acquainted. When "S. T. H." attests that "*for courtesy and attention to the oft-times exacting demands of passengers the company's staff will compare not unfavourably with those of the Northern railways*," I beg "to say ditto"; with the proviso, that, personally, I am, in a general way, of Mrs. MALAPROP's opinion, that "comparisons are odorous." Sir, addressing you, Mr. Punch, as Universal Chairman of All Railways, if I wanted to pick out a fine specimen of Railway Troop, I would go to the London, Chat-with-'em and Dover for both "Guards" and "Line." Yours, AN INCONSTANT TRAVELLER.

P.S.—By the way, if names are for anything in the matter (and I object to "calling names," though this must be done at every station on the line), then isn't the Brighton and S. C. the "Crawley" Line? I only ask.

EDUCATION NOT PRICE-LESS.—The Methodist Times recently announced that Mr. PRICE-HUGHES is about to publish an explanation of his suggestions as to an "educational concordat." So the present form of the educational question is, "What Price" HUGHES?



EGOMANIA.

SCENE—The Bar Parlour of the "Little Puddington Arms" during a shower.

Little Puddingtonian (handing newspaper to Stranger from London). "HAVE YOU SEEN THAT ACCOUNT OF OUR FISHING COMPETITION IN THE LITTLE PUDDINGTON GAZETTE, SIR?" "No. I'M AFRAID I'VE NOT!" "IT'S A VERY INTERESTING ARTICLE, SIR. IT MENTIONS MY NAME SEVERAL TIMES!"

OUR BOOKING-OFFICE.

THE Baron has dipped into a refreshingly light and airy volume called *The Impressions of Aureole*, published by CHATEAU AND WINDUS. Just the volume for the tourist resting awhile from his London-seasonable labours. *Aureole* does a little bit of everything and enjoys it all. She has the faculty of appreciation for scenes in town and country, at home and abroad. She "sails away in a galliant ship" like Roy Neil's bride into icebergian regions, where "we pray under our breaths for illuminating sunshine and the ice-bank is given us in half-miraculous substitution." "Half-miraculous" is good. Half a miracle better than no miracle at all.



Then on another occasion writes *Aureole* :—

"We find our way into a gleamy wood, and I gather some crimson berries, oozing from a cool green bank like drops of blood, while unfamiliar blossoms flourish in gay clusters at my feet."

"Personally," says the Baron, speaking for himself, "should not like to gather 'drops of blood.'" Glad that the blossoms were so well behaved as not to be familiar.

How delightful to be on board with our enthusiastic *Aureole*, and, if she will only trust one with it, enjoy for a few moments the loan of her "ivory lorgnette" with "diamond initials" which "seem to gleam responsively when," says *Aureole*, "I sweep the horizon with ecstasy."

Aureole, the gadabout and globetrotter, is delightful everywhere. The one touch of domestic nature does come in now and again, and her "dear BILL," her "handsome BILL," her rascally, good-half BILL, on being reminded by *Aureole* that they have to dine at the Savoy 7.30, exclaims "Confound these blessed bothering *cafés*. This is five nights running. Can't we chuck the thing?" Then *Aureole* asks him "What on earth do you want?" "Want!" why a mutton chop, and a wife, and a whisky-and-soda, says BILL, brutally. And then they go to the "palace of luxury" and "dine with seven other

spirits more weary than ourselves." So they might all dirge in chorus the old duet of "Again we come to thee, Savoy!"

The Masked Ball story is very well told—quite a little comedy; and of course all the gay resorts at home and abroad are visited by the lively *Aureole*. 'Tis a sketch of "How we live now," and must please a number of people who are "in the movement," and a great many more who are out of it, but who like to be up in what is going on, and to imagine that they also could be of the gay world if only they chose. Fill me a bumper of cold (not iced) champagne, which, to *Aureole*, quaffs

The appreciative BARON DE BOOK-WORMS.

P.S.—To those among his reading-friends who appreciate the clever and amusing work of "GYP," the Baron strongly recommends *Le Cœur d'Ariane*. No necessity to send to "Rue Auber" for it: *allez le chercher chez M. ROQUES, 64, New Bond Street*, and see that you get it. The Baron wishes you may get it, as you are certain to enjoy the book immensely. Be prepared to be thoroughly *enjôlé* by the artless *Ariane*.

ROEHAMPTON GATE AND THE L. C. C.

THE public, represented by the First Commissioner of Works in the Liberal Government, testified towards "Priory Lane" (if we remember aright, a provokingly private road, leading, as a short cut, from Wandsworth Common up to "Roehampton Gate," which is a closed entrance to Richmond Park) what Sam Weller might have correctly described as a "Priory attachment"; but though its opening to the public would have been granted freely by its owner, on condition that the London County Council and Wandsworth authorities should make, repair, and keep in order the road, the London County Council refused to take any part in the matter, and so Priory Lane, "with bars at each end," remains a "spot barred" to the Richmond Park-loving Londoner. The cost of making this mile and a quarter is over-estimated at £2000. But as there are, as the *Daily Chronicle* describes it, "bars at each end," surely these "bars," if properly licensed, would bring in a splendid revenue from thirsty pedestrians, equestrians, and wheelers of all sorts and conditions.



POOR MIKE!

MRS. NICKLEBY BALFOUR (*said to JOHN BULL*). "I AM VERY SORRY INDEED FOR ALL THIS. . . THE RATEPAYERS OUGHT TO BE THE BEST JUDGES—AND I HOPE THEY ARE. OF COURSE IT IS A HARD THING TO HAVE TO KEEP OTHER PEOPLE'S CHILDREN. . . BUT IF IT COULD BE SETTLED IN A FRIENDLY MANNER, AND SOME FAIR ARRANGEMENT WAS COME TO. . . I DO THINK IT MIGHT BE VERY SATISFACTORY AND PLEASANT TO ALL PARTIES."—*Nicholas Nickleby*, Vol. II., p. 183.

"I am extremely anxious that something effectual should be done."—*Mr. Balfour's reply to Lord Crossburn as to Government and Voluntary Schools*. "The schools, however, as they stand, are, for the purposes of practical politics, incompatible."—*Times*, September 20.



"NICE FOR THE VISITORS."

(Sketch outside a Fashionable Hotel.)

THE LAST OF MOWGLI.

["The Man-pank do not love jungle-tales."—
Rudyard Kipling in the P. M. G. of Sept. 26.]

SACRED
To the Memory
of

MOWGLI,

Alias Little Frog, Manling, Nathoo, and
Master of the Jungle,

Who,

After lingering on in columns of print,
Came to a Doubtful End
In a series of Asterisks in an Evening Paper,
And in the Paws of BALOO.

He was
Of Uncertain Parentage,
Of Unprincipled Character,
Of Carnivorous and generally Unpleasant
Habits,

And,
Though he had one or two Good Points,
On the whole may be described

As

A THOROUGH-PACED YOUNG RASCAL.

He had
(In common with the rest of the Jungle-
People)

A curious and somewhat incomprehensible
style of expressing HIMSELF
In Metaphors and Master-words,

Which
After a bit
Rather got on one's Nerves, unless, of course,
You like that sort of thing.

He was, however,
Considered by some to be Good Copy,
And, as such,
His Temporary Extinction
Is mourned by his Sorrowing Editors and
Publishers.

He will probably reappear
At a later date
In three-and-sixpenny book-form,
Where we wish HIM
All possible success and a few elucidatory
FOOTNOTES.

And now,
In the words of the PANTHER BAGHKEBA,
Is the Time of New Talk.

DARING PROPHECY.—When it happens, it
will be remembered how Mr. P.'s own prophet
said of the retirement of President FAURE,
that it was "a Faure-gone conclusion."
Verb. sap.

NOTE.—That Russia was to be allowed
to occupy Port Arthur seems to have been
a Port-Arthurian legend."

SUMMER OUT OF SEASON.

["There is a theory . . . according to which
Texas owes its torrid climate to the fact that it is
separated only by a sheet of brown paper from a
reservoir of heat not of solar origin. During the
last few days it must have occurred to many to
suspect that the partition between ourselves and
that great store of caloric must by some untoward
accident have been reduced to something of Texan
tenuity."—The Times.]

THE summer had gone, from city and park,
But—in mid-September—came back for a
lark!

And banged the thermometer up again.
It made Mr. BULL mop, and puff, and
perspire;

It filled Mrs. BULL with amazement and ire,
And throttled her poor old pug pup again.
For fires had been lighted and top-coats
put on.

When—something amazing occurred in the
sun,

And "heat-waves" went wildly evorting
About our old planet in fashion quite frantic.
The Briton was floored by the wonderful
antic.

Played midmost his season of sporting.
"Eh? Ninety degrees in the shade—in
September?"

So monstrous a marvel I do not remember!
Here, put away bag, gun, and cartridges!
Bring in a cider-cup—load. My dear boy,
Sport, at midsummer heat, who can really
enjoy.

By Jove! It will roast the young par-
tridges!"

"A hundred and nine! Nay, a hundred and
ten!"

By Jove, it will melt off the point of my
pen!!!

The editor howled in his snugery.
The dandy in shirt-sleeves sat down to his
dinner.

The City Police grew perceptibly thinner,
The cab-driver sported a puggaree.
It played up the mischief with pleasure and
work.

It played into the hands of athletes in New
York.

Who licked molten Britishers hollow.
It set the 'bus drivers indulging in naps,
It made evening papers use up all their
"caps."

And it hindered the flight of the swa'l'ow.
It fogged all earth's creatures from mam-
moth to midge.

It made the bees swarm under Blackfriars
Bridge.

And owls play strange freaks down at
Chiswick;

And when it got over a hundred and nine,
It worked on some portly old buffers like
wine.

On some elderly fogies like physic.
O summer's a guest we all part with in
sorrow;

But when she comes back the day after to-
morrow,

(Instead of in six months, or seven,)
Before her late sorrowing mourners are ready,
Society's course she is apt to unsteady,

Till we wish her in Tophet—or heaven.
But there is one thing our late summer has
done:

It has widened the realm of the Spirit of Fun!
Ironical? Nay, not a particle!

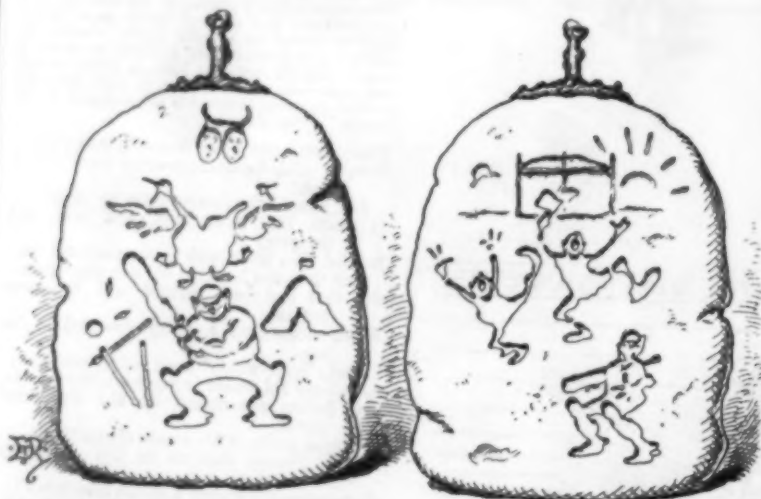
We'll pardon this "heat-wave" a lot of
small crimes

Because—it has made our own serious
"Times"

Indulge in a humorous article!!!

THE AGE OF LOVE (computed by the Daily
Telegraph).—The time of the Silly Season.

THE VERY LATEST "HITTITE" SEAL!



This most remarkable seal, while not, perhaps, affording a complete solution of the "Hittite" problem, presents many features of the greatest possible interest. In general form it is of the shape known to the scientific world as the *Kennington Oval*, and the fact, in reality, affords the key to the partial decipherment of the "Pictographs" on the two faces of the seal.

At the upper part of the first face, shown above, is a double-headed goddess, wearing a cap with horns, which would seem to indicate that the well-known "Horns" at Kennington was, in early times, a temple dedicated to the goddess who specially watched over the chances of some ancient pastime to which these incised figures manifestly refer. Beneath this goddess is a two-headed bird, hitherto supposed to be an eagle; but we consider that its identity with the bird known to connoisseurs as the "Double-Duck," is now fully established.

Beneath this, again, is a curious dwarf figure with straddling legs, which, as occurring elsewhere, has been described as *Homunculus*. He is evidently engaged in practising the pastime above referred to. On the right is a curious triangular object, in which we can scarcely be wrong in seeing a primitive tent or pavilion, an adjunct of great importance to the players in times of hunger.

The other face bears a spirited "Pictograph" of more than ordinary realism, representing, we would suggest, the triumphal retirement of the *Homunculus* at the conclusion of his performance, and the animated figures above would seem to represent the rejoicing adherents of the retiring player. The objects above have sorely puzzled the student, but we think it may now be generally admitted that they depict the sun setting in splendour behind a reservoir of some gaseous compound such as may even now be seen at Kennington.

It is even suggested by some that the *Homunculus* may be seen at Kennington. It is even suggested by some that the *Homunculus* may be actually a portrait of some diminutive but distinguished Surri player of primitive times.

WELCOME HOME!

It is with great satisfaction that we read, in the columns of the *South Wales Daily News*, of a citizens' meeting in the Cardiff Town Hall, for the purpose of discussing and arranging plans for the purpose of giving a suitable and cordial "Welcome-home Reception" to the noble owner of *Valkyrie III.*, upon his return from the United States. That "gallant little Wales" should take the initiative in such a project is only natural, and JOHN BULL congratulates TAFFY, and sincerely hopes that his happily-proposed demonstration to the Glamorganshire peer will be carried out with all the success it deserves. Lord DUNRAVEN has done much for vaunting, and his recent sportsman-like conduct under the trying circumstances he encountered in the "trans-pond-tine drama," *The America Cup*, fully merits recognition, not only from Wales, but also from the rest of the United Kingdom. Slightly parodying BYRON, we might address the following lines to Miss COLUMBIA:—

Laugh while thou canst—another race
May make thee Cup-less, pretty Yankee!
But let the ships have "elbow" space
Or else we'll have to say, "No, thank 'ee."

GIL BLAS & Co.—CHARLES LAMB declared the human species to be divided into two distinct races, the men who borrow and the men who lend, of which he considered the former to be infinitely superior to the latter, and consequently designated them the "Great Raos." Now, undoubtedly the great race in Paris at present is the female race, the race of lady bicyclists who, not content with borrowing men's hearts, have appropriated the masculine garment as well. The enterprising *Gil Blas* newspaper recently "brought off" a novelty in the way of *Courses à bicyclettes* for opera dancers, which took place with great éclat in the Bois de Boulogne. The fair terpsichoreans, from "prima ballerina assoluta," who is famous from St. Petersburg to Utah," to the humblest rat, or ballet-girl, assembled in force, and with "light fantastic toe" and "twinkling foot" pressing the treadles of their willing machines, keenly contested the various events, to the huge delight of a concourse of frivolous boulevardiers. After the morning's sport the *chic Bicyclistes* were entertained at an elegant *déjeuner*, the menu of which, compiled by an Anglo-Parisian gourmet, comprised among its appetizing items a new dish, to wit, *Œufs Cocottes à "P Wheel."*

ROUNDBOUT READINGS.

RELIEVED for a space by my own decree from the mere labour of searching for topics in the newspaper press of the United Kingdom, I have been seeking recreation in the pursuit, how often unavailing, of the partridge. "Come down on Thursday next," wrote my friend, HARTY, "for four or five days. We are going to shoot our outsiders." This was sufficiently alarming, but it was obviously better than shooting our insides, and accordingly on the appointed day the county of Norfolk received me.

WOULD that it were sufficient on these occasions merely to arouse the primitive sporting instinct of man, to revert to the fringe of barbarism and to sally out, scantily clothed, with sling or bow or snare, in quest of game. But alas, the curse of civilisation cannot be got rid of; one has to think of cartridges, cartridge-bags, caps, boots, gaiters, stockings, and heaven knows what besides. And in the end the odds are quite ten to one that you forget your cartridge-magazine, or that your beautiful new pair of patent hammerless ejector guns get left under the seat of the railway-carriage and become for a day or two the sport of station-masters and porters on the Great Eastern Railway.

"SHOOTING the outsiders" is a sport by itself. Your one desire is to keep the birds off the land of your neighbours; the one desire of the birds is to seek that land. Your best covey gets up and pops comfortably into a lovely root-field a couple of hundred yards away, but you cannot go after it, for the field belongs to another property, and the derisive birds can chirp and run at their ease, while you tramp on, shotless, under a broiling sun. However, the outsiders have to be made good, and now and then a slice of luck rewards you. For instance, if a neighbouring vicar has given notice that after a certain date he means to shoot over his own glebe, your delight is all the keener when you all but annihilate a large covey of birds whose home is on the glebe.

THERE is much humour in dogs. Your own retriever, whom you have broken yourself, is of course the quietest and best-behaved dog in the world. He also possesses the surest nose and the softest mouth. Why, then, does he choose a moment when everybody is looking to run in wildly and disturb every bird in the field? Or why, when you have sent him in pursuit of a runner, does he lie down and pant, while the keeper's dog, a tangled door-mat of the poodle species, solidly, and without ostentation, tracks down the wounded bird, and finally deposits it at the keeper's feet, just as you are assuring everybody that there is not a vestige of scent, and that no dog could possibly be expected to work in such weather.

THEN, again, I want to know this about partridges. How is that, when they are driven to the guns, they always select a novice and unanimously fly over his head? There is an unerring instinct about them. Your novice may disguise himself in all the sport-stained paraphernalia of a veteran shooter. Bless his simple heart, he can't deceive the birds. They come to him and court the death that never comes with a heroic persistence. When he has attained to the status of a veteran, and the birds about him are scarcer, he will look back with a fond regret to the days of his bird-frequented novitiate.

THE long and the short of it is that partridges possess a cunning amounting to genius.

Under a soft and guileless exterior the partridge hides a store of deceitful wiles that might put SHERLOCK HOLMES or any of his countless imitators to shame. His one object is not to be killed, and this he pursues with a ferocious pertinacity against which keepers, beaters, dogs and guns match themselves in vain. Here, then, is a ballad of the cunning partridge.

THE partridge is a cunning bird,
He likes not those who bring him down:
From age to age he has preferred

The shots who blaze into the brown,
Whose stocks come never shoulder-high,
Who never pause to pick and choose,
But on whose biceps you decory
The black, the blue, the tell-tale bruise.

Or should a stubborn cartridge swell,
And jam, as it may chance, your gun,
The sly old partridge knows it well,
"Great Scott!" he seems to chirp "here's
fun."

He gathers all his feathered tribe,
They leave the stubble or the grass,
And with one wild and whirling gibe
Above your silent muzzles pass.

Your scheme you carefully contrive,
And, while each beater waves his flag,
Your fancy, as they duly drive,
Already sees a record bag.
But, lo, they balk your keen desire,
For, though with birds the sky grows
black,

Not one of them will face the fire,
And every blessed bird goes back.

For partridges I'll try no more;
Why should I waste in grim despair?
Take me to far Albania's shore,
And let me bag the woodcock there.
Or on the Susquehanna's stream
I'll shoot with every chance of luck
The gourmet's glory and his dream,
The canvas-back, that juicy duck.

Yea, any other bird I'll shoot,
But not again with toil and pain
I'll tramp the stubble or the root,
Nor wait behind a fence in vain.
For of all birds you hit or miss
(I've tried it out by every test),
Again I say with emphasis
The partridge is the cunningest.

So much for the partridge. Before many weeks are over it is quite possible that I may have to promote the pheasant to the top rank of cunning. And this I know full well about my friend the pheasant, that, although he is a large bird and seems to fly slowly, he is a very hard bird to hit, as he ought to be hit. And most of us find it much easier to hit the immeasurable space by which every bird on the wing is surrounded.

RAILWAY TRAVELLING.

SIR,—Whenever I find a Pullman car I invariably travel in it. It is only a shilling or two over the ordinary fare, but oh the luxury! So, with the ancient Roman, who knew all about it, I exclaim:—

"Pullman qui meruit ferat."

The translation is evident, and I present the motto to the Company generally.

A TRAVELLING FELLOW.

REGULER FOUR MIEUX SAUTER.—The thermometer (according to the *Daily Chronicle*) about ten days ago "went back a little in order to make a bigger spring." It succeeded in making a second summer.



A FIN DE SIÈCLEISM.

Sympathetic Lady. "I HOPE YOU HAD A GOOD HOLIDAY, MISS SMITH."

Overworked Dressmaker. "OH YES, MY LADY. I TOOK MY MACHINE WITH ME, YOU KNOW!"

S. L. "WHAT A PITY; YOU SHOULD GIVE UP NEEDLE AND THREAD WHEN YOU'RE OUT FOR A—"

O. D. "OH, I DON'T MEAN MY SEWING MACHINE! I REFER TO MY BICYCLE!"

"SIC TRANSIT GLORIA HOOD."

A TRADITIONAL relic of the picturesque poacher prince of Sherwood Forest, were it even "no bigger than an agate-stone on the forefinger of an alderman," would, we presume, be worthy of jealous preservation. It is, therefore, the more surprising that Yorkshiremen have not taken adequate means for the protection of "a massive piece of mill-stone grit which, from time immemorial, has stood on a rising ground overlooking the Aire Valley." Reclining in the shade of this historic stone—named after him—"bold ROBIN HOOD would, with his Maid MARIAN, sup and bowse from horn and can," using it as a kind of half-way house, so to speak, on his journeys to York. But oh, shade of Friar TUCK, thou genial exemplar (dare we hint it?) of what is known as the "sporting" parson

—a type, alas! rapidly becoming as extinct as thyself—the Vandal hordes, in the shape of the Bradford Corporation, have come with their destroying trail of dynamite, and, under base pretence of making way for a water conduit, have cloven the Robin Hood stone into four parts! Not until the blasting powder was in position did the people realise the full horror of the dread deed about to be wrought; and then, to save that which once sheltered an outlaw, they sent for a policeman, who, of course, arrived "after the blast was over." "The occurrence has caused a feeling of indignation throughout the district," says the *Yorkshire Post*, adding, "and it is unlikely that the incident will be passed over in silence." It certainly was not accomplished "in silence"! Yorkers! why did you not shut the stable door before the steed was stolen?

THE THREE WEIRD WRITERS OF DRURY LANE.

SCENE—Somewhere in the neighbourhood of Drury Lane. Any time before the production of "Cheer, Boys, Cheer."



First W. W. (Sir Druriolanus). When shall we three meet again?

In thunder, lightning, shine, or rain?

Second W. W. (C. Raleigh). When the hurly-burly's done,
When by play we've lost or won.

Third W. W. (H. Hamilton). 'Twill be settled by the run!

First W. W. Where the scenes?

Second W. W. (happily). From Polo go

First W. W. (excitedly).

Third W. W. (grandly).

First W. W. To WORTH of Paris!

Second W. W. (receiving a note from the Musical Director). GLOVER calls!

Third W. W. (having had a line from a Costumier). What! BOSCH!

All three (solemnly dancing round the cauldron).

Polo, gold mines, Rotten Row,
Costumes grand, comedian low,
Round about the country go!
The Weird Writers hand in hand
Posters stick throughout the land.
Us they'll write about, about!
Three to one, it will be fine!
Writers three we thus combine!
Piece! The curtain's up!

[They vanish.]

And the melodrama,—showing how a match was broken off at a Polo gathering, and how many times in one evening Mr. HENRY NEVILLE can take off his hat in a wonderful variety of courteous ways, and how he gets taken off himself by a Matabelian shot; showing, too, how funny Mr. GIDDENS and Mr. LIONEL RIGNOLD can be, and how admirably Miss FANNY BROUGH behaves as an eccentric lady of fashion in exceptionally trying circumstances; how good CHARLES DALTON is as a villain; how strikingly DRURIOLANUS has managed stage effects, and how admirably his auxiliaries have done their work,—the melodrama, containing all this and very much more, achieves a distinct SUCCESS.

POOR Mrs. LANGTRY! "What all my pretty chicks at one fell swoop!" "The pretty chicks" would be represented by "a pretty cheque." Lots more where they came from, and their fair owner may yet sing about them triumphantly to the tune of "Lillie-bulero," or any other that takes her fancy if she objects to the original air as being out of date. Why not a new version of "Ti-a-ra Boom-de-ay"?

"AN INTOLERABLE NUISANCE."—The *Pall Mall Gazette* is to be felicitated upon a praiseworthy but, unfortunately, unsuccessful attempt to institute a campaign against the organ fiends haunting our streets. But the letters which, under the heading "An Intolerable Nuisance," poured in briskly at first, have finally "ceased and determined." We have been told of a village, "in the Ausonian hills," peopled by retired organ-grinders who, having amassed a fortune—resulting from bribes, given by the despairing citizen, as an inducement to the torturer to remove himself "to the next street"—repair thither to enjoy an *otium cum dignitate*, untroubled by any qualm of conscience for the suffering inflicted by them upon patient Britons. Will some *Norwich Organon* tell us the whereabouts of this Utopia, and let us thither banish in shiploads these "intolerable nuisances."

CABBY OR, REMINISCENCES OF THE RANK AND THE ROAD.

(By "Hansom Jack.")

No. VI.—FARES AND FINDS.

THE Mystery of a Hansom Cab? Oh yes, I've read it; or leastways dipped into it.

Rayther perlice-newsway sort of a story; strong flavour of murder and unsweetened gin to it.

"Less cab than license," young MULBERRY sniggers. Young MULBERRY fancies 'imself as a joker.

Still, we do 'ave some rum finds in our cabs, from a set o' false teeth to a red-ended poker.

Give me a shiver the latter thing did. I 'ad just dropped one fare and 'ad took up a foller.

First was a gloomyish kind of a cove with a oystery heye and cheeks saller and oller;

Second as smart a young minx as you 'd meet. I 'ad 'ardly whipped up when I 'eard such a squeaking,

And sharp through the trap shoved a scarlet-hued *summat*. It give me a turn, in a manner o' speaking.

Parties are wonderful partial to prodding with broly or walking-stick, ah yes, and rifles.

Fares when they want you to pull up 'ave got little thought for your eyes and they don't stiek at trifles.

But this was a rayther unusual prodder! "Old 'ard, Miss," I says.

"Wot 's this 'ere little caper?"

"Oh, Cabby!" she squeals, "put me down! It's a 'orror—I found in the corner 'ere—wropped in brown paper!"

Out she would git; when, a puffin' and wheezin', up came the old buffer who'd left it behind 'im.

"That's mine!" 'e gulps, and 'e grabs it like winking. "Ah, my poor JOEY! I wish I could find 'im

One 'arf as easy. The cleverest clown, Miss, in England; and this was 'is favrit hot poker.

All 'e 'as left to remember 'im by!"—an' 'e 'ugged it. I pitied the saller old joker.

But Miss, she turned rusty, and cut up 'er didos. "You ought to know better," she sniffed. "It's just ojus

To leave 'orrid objects like that in a cab; though I own it's well fitted, and 'ighly commojus;

But lor' 'ow it scared me!" "Well, lydy," I says, being roughed up a bit by 'er stuckuppy manner,

"It wouldn't 'a' bit you, or burnt you, if you 'adn't opened it, I'll bet a quid to a tanner."

Whereon she flounced off without paying no fare. "Humph!" snorts the old gent, and forks over a shilling.

Talk about 'onesty! Give the respectables eharance of a *safe* bite, and ain't they just willing?

'Onesty's scarcer than millions, I reckon. You just leave a purse or a pencil-case 'andy

For fares to lay 'old on, and see if there's much of a choice 'twixt poor Cabby and polished-up dandy.

But t'other evening, a 'igh-nosed old dowager tipped me bare fare, and away she was sailing

When I twigged a smart seal-akin bag in 'er 'and as I *knew* my last fare—who seemed toddly and ailing—

Had carried before, and it chinked as she shook. "Excuse me," I says, "but that bag, mum—I'll trouble you!"

Lord, if you 'd seen 'er flush up and go fluttry! 'Taint only snobs as'll dodge you and double you.

Nobs very often are spy on the nick. Klepto-something or other they call it in *their* case.

Old BILLY BOGER 'as told me that once 'e was landing a 'eavyish trunk up a staircase.

And 'eard the young lady fare whisper 'er Ma, "Oh, see wot I've found in the cab!"—"UsA, my darling!"

The old dutch gasps out. And old BILL didn't get it—the bracelet—without lots o' sniffing and snarling.

Yah! They are dreadfully down on poor Cabbies who don't toe the mark in the matter o' pickings.

But what with the Burlington bilks, and the tofs as you can't trust too far when there's a prospect of nickings,

And all the mean fakes that a cabby is fly to, in fares who're well-off and did ought to know better,

The rank doesn't think much of hupper-class 'onesty, give you my word. Now I'm off for a wetter!

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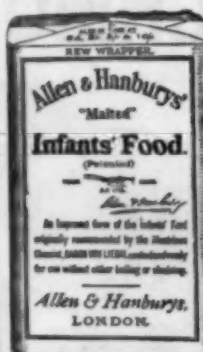
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